



**SAYS
THE EDITOR**

**TOO BAD THERE WILL BE
NO NATIVITY PLAY**

We don't know exactly why, and at this point of writing we haven't time to find out, but it seems that there is to be no Nativity Play by the pupils of Sunset School this year. This is regrettable, we think. It has long been a delightful custom at the school. It is more than merely a play production by the children. It is, or has been, an event in which both children and parents have taken a great delight—not just a delight in producing and seeing a play, but in acting and witnessing an old story that doesn't ever seem to grow old. In the past few years Miss Madeline Currey, music teacher in the school, has been instrumental in making it an important thing in the Sunset school year. That she has, for some reason, not been given authority to stage it this year is too bad; too bad for her, too, because Miss Currey is the sort of person who delights in making possible what the Nativity was and is.

**SADE LATHAM'S DECISION
IS A WISE ONE**

THE CYMBAL congratulates Sade Latham on her decision to abandon her plans to locate her restaurant and tap room in the Aucourt Building on Lincoln street, next to the Carmel Community Church. Specifically we congratulate her on her decision not to continue her fight for the legal right to do business in that location. Having recently and wonderingly become acquainted with the state of mind of the Board of Equalization, and knowing the ability of Argyll Campbell, her attorney, we are reasonably certain that she would have been successful in obtaining complete legal sanction for her business there. That the success would have been morally and materially costly to her we are also certain. Mrs. Latham now realizes this, and she desires not to lose the goodwill of the people of Carmel by her persistence. We are given to understand that she has obtained another location for her place of business. In that we bespeak for her the support of those who have been her friends and the friendship of those who may become her patrons in the future.

THE CYMBAL has always opposed the sale of liquor in Carmel, both off-sale and on-sale. We have done so on no moral grounds whatsoever, but on the grounds of commercial, physical and spiritual welfare. We believe with Allen Griffin that it was a mistake to change a non-liquor town into a wet one on the repeal of prohibition. With the close proximity of Monterey and its natural possession of liquor licenses it was not a necessary move even for the convenience of those who drink and want to drink. Absence of liquor here would not have kept away from Carmel the most desirable element among drinkers. But it has had, and it will continue to have a tendency to draw here some of the less desirable among them.

However, liquor was admitted and on-sale licenses granted to three individuals. Among those three Sade Latham has stood high in the manner of the conduct of her business within the law. That she should be permitted to continue to do business is a mere matter of common justice. This is no new sentiment on our part. We have expressed it before, and within the

(Continued on Page Two)

**SADE LATHAM
NOT TO MOVE
TO BUILDING
ON LINCOLN**

Desiring to maintain the goodwill she feels she has always received from the people of Carmel, Sade Latham, owner of Carmel-Eta Inn, has abandoned plans to move the restaurant and tap room to the Aucourt property on Lincoln street.

Mrs. Latham, in explanation of her application for a removal of her liquor license to the Aucourt property, declares that at the time of her desired removal from the premises on Ocean avenue the Aucourt property was the only desirable location made available to her.

She has now obtained a tentative lease on another property in the city, the location of which she feels her many friends will approve.

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**DOG POISONER
AT WORK IN
CARMEL**

The dog poisoner is at work again in Carmel. Within the past month two dogs have been victims, not, fortunately, fatal victims, however.

O. W. Bardarson's dog was the first victim of the new fiendish raid, found stricken three weeks ago and saved only by his speedy conveyance to Del Monte and the efficient work of Dr. W. H. Hammond.

Last week, P. A. McCreery found his dog writhing in pain and rushed him to Dr. Hammond who saved him.

In both instances strychnine was used by the poisoner, and in the case of the McCreery dog chicken bones were found. This indicates that the poisoner is clever enough to know that poison works quicker when the poor dog's internals have been punctured by splintered bones of fowls, food that is ordinarily denied canines.

Following investigation by police into the McCreery poisoning, Policeman Douglas Rogers obtained from Dr. Hammond facts regarding antidotes that may be administered as first-aid to dogs before or as they are being transported to the veterinary. If you give your dog a strong solution of salt and warm water, or, better still, mustard and warm water, it will help the animal expel what poison remains in his stomach. This will be an aid to Dr. Hammond when he starts his medical treatment.

Both the Bardarson and the McCreery dogs have been returned to their owners, the latter suffering from the remaining effects of the poison in his right foreleg, but recovering slowly from this.

The Bardarson home is at Dolores and Twelfth and McCreery lives at Monte Verde and Thirteenth, indicating the dog poisoner is operating in the south-western section of the city.

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**CHURCHES PLAN FOR UNION
THANKSGIVING SERVICES**

Union Thanksgiving services will be held next Thursday morning at the Carmel Community Church. The service of worship will be held at 10:30 o'clock. The Rev. Carel Hulsewé, rector of All Saints, will be the speaker. A special music program has been arranged.

CARMEL CYMBAL

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CARMEL, CALIFORNIA • NOVEMBER 19, 1937

5 CENTS

Discord Brought to Light In Humane Society Affairs

Our Post Office Is Bad Enough, But Not Quite As Bad As This Moron Would Try To Make The Cymbal Believe

Mercury, messenger of the gods, knows that the Carmel post office is bad enough, bad past all understanding, but even we know it isn't as bad as some sub-normal human being tried to make us believe this past week.

It's a funny story, however, and we herewith will tell it.

It was Tuesday morning and into THE CYMBAL office appeared Mrs. Edith Larson, P. O. Box 84, an address she has had for nigh onto five years.

She held in her hands a quantity of mail. She spread it out on the desk before us. She had found it in her box that very morning. We gazed upon it in awe and incredulity. It was, in detail, as follows:

An advertising booklet from the White House in San Francisco, properly addressed to Mrs. Larson.

An advertising folder from the Quigley Motor Company, addressed, quite plainly, to Mrs. Mary A. Bardarson, Box 191.

An eastern newspaper addressed, clearly, to Mrs. Gene Ricketts, Box 596.

A postal card, advertising something or other, from Battle Creek, Michigan, plainly addressed to Mr. F. Kretz, Carpenter and 2nd, Carmel.

A postal card, announcing something or other about a fraternal convention, from Chi-

cago, addressed to Mr. Ferdinand Kretz, Carmel, California.

A postal card, also from Battle Creek and with the same advertisement as above, addressed to Mr. E. F. Morehouse, 3rd and Lincoln, Carmel, California.

A postal card, same as above, addressed to Mr. W. Dekker, 14th and Camino Real, Carmel, California.

All in Mrs. Larson's P. O. Box No. 84.

Now, we'll admit that with our present mental attitude toward the Carmel post office, our first thought was one of mixed horror and elation.

But, unfortunately, our newspaper instinct which dictates investigation of all incredulous things, prompted us to delve into this. Before we carried this package of devastating evidence to the post office we would telephone to a few people. We did.

And we discovered that this mail, all fourth-class matter, had, with the exception of the White House booklet addressed to Mrs. Larson, been extracted from the proper boxes earlier in the day and cast by each and every addressee into the refuse barrel in the post office.

From this barrel, apparently, the sub-normal person had retrieved it, lumped it together and jammed it

(Continued on Page Nine)

MILLCENT SEARS DECLARES SHE AND TREASURER FORCED OUT OF THEIR OFFICES

Although we have a spanking new animal shelter and a presumably able manager of it in the person of James Kam, things are not getting along so well in the internal machine of the Monterey County Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, otherwise known as the Humane Society.

Friction among the officers of the organization is brought to light through a letter which Mrs. Millicent Sears, until just recently secretary of the society, and still a director, asks THE CYMBAL to publish so that her friends may know her reason for retiring from the membership committee.

In this letter, and in conversation with the editor of THE CYMBAL, Mrs. Sears makes several charges against the present officers of the organization, principally, Guy S. Curtis, vice-president and superintendent of the animal shelter.

Curtis had left the Peninsula at 2 o'clock Wednesday afternoon and we were unable to get in touch with him for a statement. We offer him space in THE CYMBAL next week for anything he may care to say.

In the meantime, Mrs. Sears charges that she was forced out as secretary of the organization at a special meeting held on October 16, and which she surprised the other directors there by attending. She was thought by them, she said, to have gone to Palo Alto. At the October 16 meeting the offices of secretary and treasurer were combined, her labors being turned over to Frank E. Ward, the treasurer.

As for Mr. Ward, Mrs. Sears says he was made treasurer by a sudden and surprise move on August 18, George Hawkins of the Monterey County Trust and Savings Bank resigning at that time.

But, in fact, according to Mrs. Sears, she has not been secretary actually for several months, Curtis having a key to the society's mail box and taking and keeping all the mail.

She declares that since the naming of Ward there has never been a financial statement made to the board of directors; that no statement of collections or disbursements is made to the cities contributing to the society and turning over all dog taxes to it, and that Guy Curtis is running the affairs of the organization with a high hand.

Mrs. Sears declares that although B. J. Pardee, city manager of Monterey, is officially president of the society, he presides perfunctorily and leaves everything to Curtis.

Other members of the board of directors, most of whom, Mrs. Sears declares, never attend meetings, are Mrs. Louise Dobbins, Dr. D. T. MacDougal, Mrs. M. V. B. MacAdam, Mrs. John Cocke, Mrs.

(Continued on Page Seven)

Art Association Plans Drive For Building Fund

At a meeting of the board of directors of the Carmel Art Association Wednesday afternoon the campaign for the Carmel Art Association Building Fund was mapped out. Two hundred tickets are to be issued to sell at \$5 each which will entitle each ticket-holder to a year's associate membership in the Art Association and a chance on seven oils and etchings which have been donated by the following artists: Paul Dougherty, William Ritschel, John O'Shea, one oil painting each, and Armin Hansen and Paul Whitman, two etchings apiece. The seven pieces may be seen at the Art Gallery on Dolores between Fifth and Sixth, where tickets are also on sale. The drawing will be Tuesday, December 21, at 4 o'clock at the Gallery. Only 200 tickets are being printed and about a third of these are already taken so your chance to get in depends on how fast you can get that \$5 out of the special attractions section of your purse and trot up to the Gallery. The proceeds of the sale will go toward the new student addition to the gallery. The large room adjoining the present building which the board plans to construct will be used for young artists and will provide ex-

tra space for exhibits of arts and crafts.

Younger artists who may have been discouraged about attempting to show at the Gallery and join the association are urged to paint like fury and quit worrying. Things are happening around the old frame building and future announcements will be of great interest.

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FRED MYLAR NOW ACTING ASST. POSTMASTER

Fred J. Mylar, who for seven years has been a clerk in the Carmel assistant postmaster to take the post office, has been named acting place vacated by John L. Nye, who was demoted in September on charges filed against him by Mrs. Irene Cator, postmaster. Mylar will probably be given the assistant postmastership permanently despite the fact that Mrs. Cator recommended an 'outside man' for the place.

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FEDERAL ART SUPERVISOR TALKS TO WOMEN HERE

Glenn Wessel, supervisor of the Federal Art Project for the Bay Region, spoke before an open meeting of the University Women's Club Wednesday evening at the Monterey Union High School. On Thursday Wessel visited different artists on the local project with Mrs. Amelie Waldo, acting supervisor.

past month. We are glad to express it again.

WE PAT OURSELVES HARD AS FURY ON THE BACK

We point with pride! You have undoubtedly heard us emit a murmur now and again about THE CYMBAL's prowess as an advertising medium. We have said that if you put an ad in THE CYMBAL it will swell your pocket-book or, at least, raise your morale.

Now, Look! We wish to murmur, in fact, cry out loud, that if you even make a gesture toward putting an ad in THE CYMBAL your whole life will move up one stratum in the atmosphere of joy and happiness. If you don't believe us ask Patsy Shepard whose father is a major.

We had a dim sense of this fact about three weeks ago when somebody telephoned in to us an ad about a lost dog, or was it a cat? We hadn't more than typed out the ad and placed it in the overflowing ad basket when the telephone rang again to inform us that the lost pet had been returned.

Now comes the Patsy-Kiltie-Major case with complete verification of our idea.

On Tuesday of this week a very sad, crestfallen, cowering, cringing, shamed and frightened individual crawled into THE CYMBAL office. To look at him you never in the world would have thought that at any time in his life he had been a major. He didn't look like even a first-class private.

He slunk into our office chair and told his story. It was about Kiltie, a scotty. Kiltie had been put to bed Monday night, sans collar, as is Patsy's custom, because even a dog has a right to sleep without his clothes on. Came Tuesday morning and Patsy gone and the major deciding to ride downtown from his country club home. He wants companionship. He takes Kiltie. He forgets Kiltie's clothes. In the course of the day comes lunch time. Even a major eats. Leaving Kiltie in the car on Ocean avenue, the major goes into Willard Whitney's for food. When he comes out the car is there, but Kiltie isn't.

Whereupon the major flits here and there in frantic search. No Kiltie to behold. The major goes back to the car, gets into the rear seat and cries. Suddenly his sorrow changes to fear—mental, moral, physical, spirit—every kind of fear. He's afraid to go home. So he comes to THE CYMBAL office. He arrives not at all the major we have known; hardly, in fact, the pulp of the major we have known. In choking sentences, hardly audible words, he dictates an ad.

When he finally departs we are wondering if we hadn't better tell Bob Norton to have him followed. A man in such a state of mind might—

Comes Wednesday, with its haze, its lowering clouds, its threat of rain. Comes Wednesday also with Mrs. Eddie Files, right into THE CYMBAL office and in her arms—in her arms—a scotty.

"Do you know this swell person?" asks Mrs. Eddie Files.

Do we know him? What a question! He is not only in the memorizing retina of our eye; he is on the indelible slate of our mind; he is on the bronze plaque of our heart; he is, in fact, in our advertising-copy basket.

We grasp the telephone. We demand from the Pacific Tel. and Tel. that it produce the major. It can't. Nobody can. Where the major is we don't know, but we have our fears. But we find Patsy—and if you think you can make the distance between Doc Brownell's office, where she had an appointment, and THE CYMBAL office at Seventh

and San Carlos streets, where we have Kiltie, in better time than she did you're either crazy or you're the shuttle between Forty-second and Broadway and the Grand Central.

Now as to CYMBAL advertising—Certainly we ignore the possibility that an ad for Kiltie may have been given to other newspapers. Even if a man only thinks he's good you can't keep him down.

"FIAT LUX" WOULD BE GOOD MOTTO FOR FIREMEN

We have been charged with unfairness in our efforts to present our readers with the facts regarding the internal strife in the Carmel Volunteer Fire Department. We are sorry, because fairness has been our intention; that, and an underlying desire to contribute to the best of our ability to the future welfare of the department; to its congenial future which is so important to the welfare of the entire town. If the results of our efforts have been unfair, or even have tended to be unfair—we are ready to say that if the efforts of other newspapers have tended to be unfair—that is the fault of members of the department, both in its rank and file and among its officers.

Nothing can injure a civic organization, especially one organized for public health and safety, more than false and misleading publicity about it. Publicity is mainly provided by the newspapers. Newspapers naturally endeavor, because that is their business, to obtain news that becomes publicity on its publication. Sometimes, quite often, as is the case with the fire department, it is unpleasant, undesirable publicity.

But we contend that it is mainly unpleasant and principally undesirable when it is, as in the case of the fire department, incomplete publicity, or publicity which contains the phrases "it is said," "according to report," and "as far as we can learn."

Of course, it is a natural desire on the part of anyone in trouble to avoid the broadcasting of that trouble. But it should also be the natural desire of such a person, knowing that the trouble is to be broadcast, that facts and not conjectures, assumptions, reports and rumors make up the bulk of the publicity.

We are trying to say that in this fire department trouble the public remains in a state of wonder as to what is actually going on. Why? Because of the newspapers? Absolutely not. Because of the fire department, its members and its officers. They have refused to provide the newspapers with accurate information. They have refused to make clear, concise statements of the situation. Neither side of the present controversy has done so. Knowing that the newspapers have certain facts; knowing that the newspapers are virtually compelled to print something about what is being talked about, gossiped about, rumored about all over town, it certainly would have been the wise thing to do to give the newspapers the truth about it; to give them the truth as either side sees it.

THE CYMBAL has been charged with playing favorites. Because the editor has long been a personal friend of Bob Leidig; has him to

thank for many kindnesses, materially and otherwise, certain members of the fire department are openly contending that we are giving Leidig the "break" in our efforts to give the public the news. No one knows better than Bob Leidig that our personal friendship has not and could not have one solitary thing to do with our comments, news or editorial, on the fire department situation.

If we think he is wrong, Bob Leidig knows that we will say we think he is wrong. We have said so in this present matter. While we are convinced that he has been an effective, conscientious, tireless chief of the fire department, we are also convinced that he is not today conducting the fire department to the best interests of that department as a whole, as a group of men on whom the city depends to protect it from a disastrous fire. We believe that he has contributed to a certain extent to the unrest in the department. We believe, and we have repeatedly said, that the main reason for this unrest is the attitude and the ill-judged actions of Bernard Rowntree, city councilman and commissioner of fire and water. But we believe also that Chief Leidig is contributing to it because he will not stand up on his own feet and be what the people of Carmel have always thought he was—actual chief and directing head of its volunteer firemen.

Our experience in dealing with public officials, to say nothing of a knowledge of psychology years of newspaper training have given us, tell us in no faltering way that if Chief Bob Leidig would walk unhesitatingly over to the side of his men, be with and of them as he has been in the past, squarely face the commissioner of fire and water, and the whole city council, for that matter, with the unquavering statement that this is a volunteer department; that its men have protected the city for years in the past and stand ready to continue to do so in the future; that a fire station built of alabaster, two paid men at a thousand dollars a month, and fire equipment worth millions cannot put out a fire—if Bob Leidig would take that stand and, in so many words, tell Bernard Rowntree to go leap in a good convenient lake, he would have the backing of the people of Carmel, and if he were removed by any official act he could take his firemen to a man unofficially with him.

This is true because by so doing he could wipe out as with a wet sponge all the petty jealousies, fancied grievances and molehills made of mountains that exist among the members of the department. There is no denying that among the 20-odd firemen there are some who

have not the broadness of mind, clarity of conception, surety of perspective that lead to sacrifices for the common good. There are men who at the present time cannot see the welfare of the department as something larger than their personal interests.

That that damned gilt-edged fire station is at the root of the trouble there is no gainsaying, either.

If we could tear it down and move back into a little wooden shack on Sixth street with which Commissioner Rowntree and the rest of the city council would have no concern; if we could rake out the much-thumbed packs of cards, put back the pictures from Esquire

and the Examiner on the walls; unlock the doors and throw the key into Roscelli's passing garbage wagon, and get back to the consciousness that the members of the Carmel Fire department are volunteers, the present trouble in the department would vanish with the last rose of summer.

In the meantime, let's have the truth about it all in the words of the men and officers themselves. They can't expect the newspapers to tell it unless it is provided them.

—W. K. B.

What makes Friday the red-letter day in Carmel? Fish? No! The Cymbal.

LIAL'S MUSIC SHOP

RADIO SERVICE DEPARTMENT

Pol Verbeke • Technician
Telephone Monterey 5333



THE BLUE BIRD

and the
GOLDEN BOUGH ROOM
for parties

BREAKFAST • LUNCHEON • DINNER
M. C. SAMPSON
TELEPHONE 161

THE ANDREWS SHOP

is showing

FROCKS FOR ALL OCCASIONS

Silk, Wool, Satin, Crepe, Velvet

408 ALVARADO ST. • MONTEREY 6871

LOBSTERS OYSTERS SCALLOPS
CLAMS CRABS SHRIMPS PRAWNS

now in season at

The Pilot

Thanksgiving Dinner \$1.00

FISHERMEN'S WHARF
Telephone Monterey 8949

MEAGHER & CO.

OCEAN AVENUE CARMEL
TELEPHONE CARMEL 93

Thanksgiving Linens

Handsome Table Linens lend enchantment to the Thanksgiving Dinner. We are showing many attractive designs in Imported Irish Linens and Continental Linens. Beautiful designs in fine quality Pure White Damasks. New and attractive printed designs of guaranteed colors and novelty weaves in Woven Cloths and Sets.

36x 36 inch Lunch Sets	\$1.25 to \$4.95 Set
52x 52 inch Lunch Sets	1.95 to 4.95 Set
36x 68 inch Lunch Sets	6.75 to 9.75 Set
68x 86 inch Lunch Sets	8.75 to 10.75 Set
68x106 inch Lunch Sets	9.75 to 17.50 Set

Bath Towels

24x44 inches. Exceptional Special at 49c
Two-thread, double-warp, extra large towels. Durable, absorbent, and attractive in appearance. Pink, blue, gold, peach, green, and orchid borders. Specially priced.

We have a

SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT

to make to our customers next week who are interested in a new

PORTABLE TYPEWRITER

PENINSULA TYPEWRITER EXCHANGE Office Equipment
Fritz T. Wurzmann, Manager
371 Alvarado • Phone 3794

THE NEW HOME OF

TOM'S BARGAIN STORE

474 TYLER STREET MONTEREY

Open For Business

Take Advantage of Our Up-to-Date Line of

Men's Suits and Overcoats

SHOES • TOOLS LUGGAGE

Del Monte Will Be Big Host To Big Gamers

Del Monte Hotel reports that more people appear to want to take part in the Big Game revel at the hotel tomorrow night than are expected to attend the game itself.

This is, of course, some kind of an exaggeration, but not as much as you might think. It looks like an immense time at the popular spot for Big Game celebrations tomorrow.

The hotel is ready for those who have already signified their intentions of being there and for a good chunk of those who have so far neglected to inform the hotel that they intend to be there, but the word is that if you want a place to sit down, to eat and to dance on, you'd better hurry with your reservations.

Both the main dining room and the Bali room will be open for the celebration tomorrow night. Freddie Nagel and his orchestra will hold forth in the main dining room and a second dance band from San Francisco has been engaged for the Bali room. Both rooms will be aswathed with California and Stanford colors and table favors will carry out the football motif.

In addition to outside-college revellers it is expected that about 800 students will attend the celebration.

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Asilomar Plans Big Game Hop

This next Friday Night Club dance at Asilomar, which is tonight, will be in the nature of a "Big Game Rally."

California backers and Stanford supporters are expected to gather from all parts of the Peninsula for the affair.

Many special features have been planned: Bob Beach is arranging an original college medley which will be played for the first time by his orchestra. Andy Harris, former Stanford yell leader, will be on hand to head up the action for the Stanford rooters and arrangements are being made for a former song leader of the U. of C. to lead the California rooters.

There are more than 200 active members enrolled in the club now and with each successive dance present members are bringing their friends.

Among those who have recently signed up for these Friday Night Club dances are Marian Adams, Dr. and Mrs. Curry, Mr. and Mrs. Harold Davis, Jean Glen, Tommy Harbolt, Dr. and Mrs. Spencer Hoyt, Elizabeth Ingham, Mr. and Mrs. Herschel Jones, Robert McMenamin, Ernestine L. Morehead, Miss Ann Norwood, Mr. and Mrs. R. H. Partridge, Cynthia Richardson, Ellen Skadan, Donald Clark, Wayne and Bob Sellards.

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Harvest Service At All Saints

All Saints Protestant Episcopal Church will hold a Harvest Thanksgiving service this Sunday morning at 11 o'clock at the church on Monte Verde near Ocean avenue.

The Altar Guild will decorate the church auditorium with fruits and grains of the harvest and the rector, the Rev. Carel J. Hulswé, will deliver a special message to the congregation.

This will also be the monthly Young People's Service. The Boy Choir, augmenting the church choir, will sing for the first time and Madeline Currey will be offertory soloist, singing Cesar Franck's "Pan Angelicus."

Charlotte Lawrence Becomes Bride In Colorful Aura of Carmel Mission

While the light from many tapers made moving shadows on the old walls of the Carmel Mission yesterday afternoon and the white seagulls flew out from the Carmel River for their four o'clock turn high over the beach, Charlotte Elizabeth Lawrence became the wife of Robert George Fergusson of the United States Army.

At the organ, as the more than 300 guests came quietly into the beautiful old Church, Noel Sullivan felt amongst the melodies of Bach and Gluck and Handel for the musical lines most fittingly to express the mood of mounting joy. Looking down from the organ loft on to the movement and color below, it was possible to catch the wandering glitter of decorations and sabres as the uniforms of the guests responded to the candlelight. The ushers, Lieutenants Frederick W. Barnes and Donald O. Vars and Lieutenants Claud Crawford, T. L. Lipscomb, John H. Daly and Wilfred H. Tetley, adding the Military to the Church, raised in the mind old exciting pictures of the historical unions and functions of those two great institutions. From above, the movements of the wings of white pigeons, restless in the belfry tower, could be heard. Dressed in black lace, the lovely mother of the bride took her seat.

When the music had reached the first strains of Salome's *Marche Nuptiale*, Mrs. Raymond Richard Lyons, matron of honor, came down the aisle. With Mrs. Frederick W. Barnes and the Misses Audrey Martin, Madeline Higley, Elizabeth Todd and Patty Mora, bridesmaids, they contributed the richness of wine-colored velvet and the pale shades of the wine, to the highlights of the lace and altar colors, bringing to life the old adobe walls. Their coronets of dubonnet velvet and net lent the atmosphere of the true coronation. Over their hands, folded fittingly in the churchly spirit, gleaming muffs of gold leaves and golden chrysanthemums made bright foils for beautiful pale faces.

Lovelier than all in her little

gown of ivory satin and Duchess lace, worn first on the twenty-fourth of February, 1814, by her great-grandmother at her wedding in Savannah, was the bride. On the arm of her father, Colonel Charles G. Lawrence, and carrying with a circumspection and reverence matching the occasion and her lovely nature, a white satin prayer book of some other bygone lady, she made, with her court train, the finishing phrase to the whole melody of joyousness.

"Do you, Charlotte..."

"Do you, Robert..."

The best man, Lieutenant Russell V. D. Jansan, steps up with the rings. After a silence, prayer. Then the ushers raise and cross their sabres and Lieutenant and Mrs. Fergusson emerge from the arch of steel to the lively *Wedding March* of Lemens. The white seagulls, wheeling over the marshes back of the Mission sweep the sky seaward. From the bell tower the pigeons start up and fill the air at the sounding of the chimes.

Fiat in nomine Dei in aeternum.

In the Golden Bough Green Room, beautifully decorated as was the Church, the guests were received by Colonel and Mrs. Lawrence and the bride and groom, and were introduced by Captain J. M. Glasgow.

Under an arch of white heather—in Scotland propitious for these occasions—the cake was brought to the bride, who cut it with her husband's sword. It was then served by Mrs. Troop Miller, wife of Commandant Miller of the Monterey Presidio and Mrs. Daniel Hand, wife of Brigadier General Hand.

Lieutenant Fergusson is the son of the late Mr. and Mrs. A. S. Fergusson of Chicago and a member of the class of 1936 of the United States Military Academy at West Point.

The Church and Green Room decorations—lovely settings of palm and white button chrysanthemums—were done by Franklin Dixon.

—L. S.

nue to take a chance on the turkey —Thank you.

Mrs. Ned Jacco won the turkey and learned a lesson in her good luck. After taking a chance or chances Mrs. Jacco went around telling her friends that if she won they were invited for dinner. She won, all right, and the friends, all of them, came to dinner. Just like that.

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SPELLING

What we can't understand is, how a sign-painter would know how to spell "Montmorency" and

not be able to cope with "Plymouth."

Office and Residence
Phone Carmel 929-J

Dr. T. Grant Phillips
Chiropractor
Colonic Irrigations

LEIDIG BUILDING
Dolores Street

Get Your Evening Clothes Spruced Up!

that is... let us spruce them up for you

Carmel Cleaners
Dolores Street • Telephone 242

AUTO TOPS...

Safety Glass

For Roadsters & Convertibles

MADE TO YOUR ORDER

LOYD BUSBY

629 ABREGO STREET • MONTEREY • TELEPHONE 3220

Come to the

KNOTTY PINE INN

The Brightest Spot

ON THE PENINSULA

Snappy Music Every Night • Floor Show Changed Every Friday

New Under Management Tommy Thompson

Be Ready!

CORRECT HOLIDAY DRESS FOR MEN

TWEEDS WORSTEDS HOMESPUNS

Ready-to-Wear
\$35 to \$60

Custom-Tailored
Hand Made In Our Own
Tailor Shop
\$65 to \$125

We are the only Men's Clothing Shop on the Monterey Peninsula that makes Custom-Made Clothes.

A smart line of Overcoats
await your inspection

Imelman's SPORTWEAR SHOP
MERCHANT TAILORS TO MEN

Thanksgiving

DINNER
\$1.50

Celery	Avocado Cocktail	Olives	Salted Nuts
	Consommé		
	Broiled Mushrooms		
	Roast Turkey and Dressing		
Candied Yams	New Potatoes	Creamed Onions	
	Rutabagas		
	Cranberry Frappé		
	Molded Salad		
	Mince and Pumpkin Pie		
	Coffee	Mints	

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The Carmel Cymbal

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CIRCULATION STATEMENT

Following is the average weekly
net paid circulation of THE CAR-
MEL CYMBAL for the past six
months:

May	647
June	677
July	809
August	760
September	717
October	730

The September average weekly
net paid circulation of THE CYM-
BAL of 539 in the Carmel area
(Carmel, Carmel Highlands and
Pebble Beach) is far in excess of
that of any other Carmel news-
paper.

HESTWOODS, ENTIRE LENGTH OF THEM, VISIT CARMEL

The Hestwoods were up from
Hollywood the last week-end and
in THE CYMBAL's young, rejuven-
ated life that means something.
Because the Hestwoods—Bob and
Beaney—helped to make, most ma-
terially helped to make, THE CYM-
BAL of 1926 and 1927 the best
newspaper in this town. Bob's li-
noleum covers and inside cuts and
Beaney's verse and prose were, in
combination, considerable of a riot.
If you don't know about them come
around to THE CYMBAL office some
time and let us show you the files.

You will find evidences of the
Hestwoods in the files, but not the
Hestwoods. THE CYMBAL files are
not extravagantly elongated, and
Bob and Beaney are. If they were
laid end to end they'd reach from
San Carlos street down to the
Game Cock. If piled end to end the
top one of them could caress the
crest of that awful radio tower on
the Leidig Market building.

And they have something in their
heads and in their fingertips. They
can drawing, they can painting,
they can designing, they can poetry,
they can prose and they can piano.
And they can live as though there
were positively no tomorrow better
than any two people we have ever
seen. We extravagantly like both
of them.

Florence Lockwood and her
daughter, Florence, are up from
the south on a short visit and are
staying at Lincoln Green. Mrs.
Lockwood, member of the Carmel
Art Association and a fine portrait
painter, recently held a show at
the Ambassador Hotel in Los An-
geles.

DOG DAYS— AND NIGHTS



Edited by JESSIE JOAN BROWN

WARNING! To all dogs in the
neighborhood of Thirteenth street,
between Dolores and Casanova,
don't pick up tempting-looking tid-
bits of meat! The dog-poisoner is
still at his dreadful work.

The latest victim of this despic-
able human is Chang McCreery. The
little chow, who lives with her mas-
ter and mistress, Mr. and Mrs. P.
A. McCreery at Thirteenth and
Monte Verde, went out for her
morning romp and was found, sev-
eral hours later, in convulsions. Her
master rushed her to the doctor
who found she had picked up bits
of meat and chicken-bone that had
been poisoned with strychnine.

Chang is slowly recovering from
her ghastly experience, but never
again will she be able to run and
play like her little friends because
her front foot is paralyzed as a
result of the poison.

The most amusing sight seen on
Ocean avenue this week was tiny,
coal-black, lion-brave Skippy Terry
growling furiously at big-also coal-
black, somewhat puzzled Nig.
Skippy and his son, Teddy, had
just dropped over to see their mas-
ter, Dr. Clarence Terry, and were
feeling very self-satisfied when a-
long came the enormous Nig, am-
bling up the street. The little Schip-
perke took one look at the ap-
proaching mountain and dashed up
in his most bustling and belligerent
manner and tried his best to start
an argument. But Nig just stood
and looked at Skippy, a bewildered
expression on his face, and finally
trotted amiably off up the street to
look for some of the children, leav-
ing Skippy greatly annoyed. Skippy
isn't used to being ignored.

The pet of the Monterey Presid-
io is Saucy Schwarze, a charming
miss from Australia. She knows
everyone on the Post and everyone
knows her. Saucy is definitely a
personality girl. She has that inde-
finable charm that has won the
hearts of all the canine cavaliers
from Private Mutt to Colonel Poo-
dle. She goes everywhere with her
master, Captain H. T. Schwarze,
except Headquarters. The Captain
explained to Saucy that dogs were
not allowed at Headquarters, so she
goes as far as the door and then
sits as patiently as a little dog sta-
tue with her eyes fixed on the door,
until her master comes out.

Hilda Regina John is the beauty
of the Army set. She is a Dober-
man Pinscher owned by Captain
and Mrs. John. Hilda is not only
regally beautiful but she is intelli-
gent and has a delightful personal-
ity. She carries herself with an air
of grace and distinction.

Her ancestor, the Doberman, is
really a glorified Manchester terrier
developed in Germany by a Mr.
Doberman in about 1890, and came

to America with other by-products
of the gay nineties.

Hilda is away just now, for a
visit, so every day Saucy Schwarze
goes over to see Captain and Mrs.
John so they won't get lonesome for
Hilda.

Play Group Gets Off To Good Start

Greatly heartened by the almost
spontaneous action of the Carmel
Business Association in appropri-
ating sufficient funds to pay the di-
rector for the first month, the group
which temporarily organized last
week for the purpose of furthering
and making continuous amateur
dramatic productions in Carmel,
will meet again this afternoon in
the Filmarte Theater at 5 o'clock
to further the plans.

Not only did the business asso-
ciation at its meeting last Friday
night appropriate the money, but
among the 25 members present
there was an expression of opinion
that nothing would better serve to
advertise Carmel, to the most de-
sirable visitors than a permanent
and active dramatic organization.

At the meeting of the theater
group last week, Frank Townsend
was elected temporary chairman;
Thelma Miller, temporary sec-
retary; Charles Van Riper, tem-
porary treasurer. Van Riper, Bying-
ton Ford, Herbert Heron and Ross
Miller were named a committee for
organization. The finance com-
mittee comprises Frances Hudgins,
Willard Wheeler, Franklin Dixon,
Virginia Stanton, Mrs. M. V. B.
MacAdam, Kitty Whitman and
Mollie Darling. The playreading
committee is Peter Burk, Mrs. M.
J. Peterson and Marion Todd.

Chic McCarthy, who has had
considerable experience in directing
plays, has been inveigled into re-
turning to Carmel and is here now,
looking over the field and preparing
to line up prospective casts.

At the meeting today the group
will discuss plans for permanent or-
ganization and the campaign for
members. All those interested in
amateur productions, either from in
front of or behind the footlights,
are urgently invited to attend the
meeting today.

"LOYALTY MONTH" SERVICE AT COMMUNITY SUNDAY

Continuing the observance of
Loyalty Month, the Rev. Homer S.
Bodley, the pastor of Community
Church, will take for his theme this
Sunday morning: "God Demands
Our Loyalty." There will be spe-
cial music by the choir under the
direction of Mrs. Valona Brewer.
The entire service will have a pre-
liminary Thanksgiving note for the
week.

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Beaumont Talks To Women On Taxation

"The taxpayer looks at his tax
bill," said Jack Beaumont, one of
the speakers at the Wednesday
luncheon meeting of the Monterey
County League of Women Voters,
"and he either cusses, pays it or lets
it become delinquent. The time for
doing something has passed."

"The size of our tax bills today,"
he continued, "is the result of our
expecting, demanding and accept-
ing certain activities by our gov-
ernment. All we can ask is a
dollar's worth of government for
a dollar spent."

Beaumont went on to say that if
individuals and groups had any ob-
jections or desired any changes
they should go to the County As-
sessor's office and also be present at
the meetings of the Board of Super-
visors. The great increase this year
and in the last ten years is due to
natural expansion and also to cer-
tain unnatural causes. These latter
include the great influx of migra-
tory workers from other states and
the fact that California is known
throughout the nation as paying 80
per cent more to indigents on relief
than the national average payment.
In the last four years the money
paid out for old age pensions and
relief in California has increased
330 per cent.

Second speaker for the afternoon
was Dr. John Sharpe, Director of
the Monterey County Health De-
partment. Dr. Sharpe outlined just
what his department did with the
money allotted to it by the Board
of Supervisors. Under the heads of
Sanitation and Hygiene come the
supervision of water, milk, garbage
dumping, food sewage and the
control of communicable disease.
On the front line in the battle of
communicable disease are five pub-
lic health nurses who serve the
70,000 to 75,000 residents of the
county. This is about one to every
14,000, whereas authorities in the

field figure there should be one to
every 2,000 in rural communities
and one for every 4,000 in urban
communities.

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THIS THING AND THAT

MOONSTRUCK

Having incurred opprobrium for filling space with the hackneyed subject of cats, we have hit this week upon that other smooth-worn scribbler's pebble, the moon.

You recall it—that restless nocturnal body seen currently hereabouts?

Beyond contradiction, the same old, old moon; yet the fustiest killjoy will concede she is tops as a sure-fire excitant of that frail disorganization known as the sympathetic nervous system.

A copy-writer can further declare his own holiday. After selecting the most overdone motif known to man, the moon, he next makes a gentleman's agreement with himself to meander as much as possible, and whether or not anyone is interested in such indecent exposure—to drool forth the inner self without let or hindrance. His holiday slogan is the succinct one, The public be damned.

This method is the space-fillingest, bar none.

The technique is simple. Two indispensable perquisites are a blank sheet of paper and a blank mind. Place the fingers on that noisy intricacy, the typewriter. Leaving fingers, mind and typewriter alone, let them shoot the works.

The moon meanders, and so do fingers and fantasies. Of the two, fingers and fantasies cover the wider field. They may be guaranteed to do so in a strictly less disciplined fashion. In meandering, the moon sheds a noble, white, uplifting light upon her public; and the meandering mind. But let's not go into that.

We saw that unwinking observer rise the other evening while the sun was still in the sea.

She slid up over the pines and eucalyptus beyond the sand-dunes south of Ocean avenue and turned a wide astonished gaze upon the day's death in the west.

We, who had been raptly focusing upon the west, went instantly wall-eyed in an effort to disengage half our ocular apparatus for use in the east.

Some celestial joker had shuffled the schedules. Quite ahead of time, the empress of night stared brashly down.

It was an awfully clean-sweeping stare. Our miserable little perch on the wall which juts like a landlubber's wharf into the dunes—but a moment ago so securely private—was as pitilessly exposed as the Day of Judgment. The moon bored her all-seeing eye directly into us, and we began rapidly to compute the sum total of our sins for the day.

There was no protector at hand save an old gentleman seated upon the farthestmost bit of wall. Heretofore he had been an integral part of the scenery. If, we thought, the moon gets really tough and calls us out upon the carpet, maybe he will perjure his soul in our defense.

The old gentleman's benign concentration upon the ebbing west was striking to see. The thunder-clap of a prematurely rising moon meant nothing to him. He did not even turn his head. Although it was silver like the moon, he directed its gaze steadily into the doomed sunset burning itself goldenly away.

Only after the ocean had turned to leaden grey did the old gentleman turn to the east. His sins were either few or dimmed by time, for we could perceive that he felt no shock whatsoever in beholding the cool hard stare of the moon. He

returned her scrutiny for a few equable heart-beats; nodded to her, to us; and returned by even steps to San Antonio.

Just in case you are not convinced that there is this sterner side to your friend the moon, let me remind you of that full orb once in the high Sierras. It flooded over a chaotic field of naked granite boulders and turned every atom to one terrible sepulchral white.

Standing quite alone upon the night-chilled top of a tilted slab of rock, in the center of this embalmmed and silent world which had no edges anywhere to be seen, was an experience that startled and emptied and entered into one for life.

I think the field-mouse which the evening before had run terror-struck circles around and around within the cruel hypnotic glare of my flashlight, powerless to escape although there were no boundaries except the dark rim he so much desired—I think this same field-mouse was down under a ledge of my boulder laughing at my monstrous human befuddlement. As the flashlight had torn from him the secure mouse-moorings of familiar surroundings, so the terrible moon left me momentarily unoriented, powerless to conceive that there could be a comfortable commonsensical world anywhere beyond or outside this flooding light.

—EDITH FRISBIE

+++

Douglas School Notes

Mrs. Douglas of the Douglas Schools has returned from attending the Headmistress Association meeting in San Francisco. The discussions were upon the report of the college board entrance requirements as proposed by the history revision committee. This committee is made up for the most part of presidents of eastern colleges together with history instructors from the large eastern prep schools. Mrs. Douglas reports that the spring meeting may take place at Del Monte. Many of the headmistresses returning home stopped at the Douglas School en route.

General G. B. Holmes and his wife of England visited the Douglas School this week. The General is deeply interested in fencing and was good enough to spend the afternoon fencing with the seniors of the school. Mrs. Gentry reports that fencing gained much popularity after these bouts.

The past few days have been quite eventful at the Douglas School. Many parents and friends of the students have visited them, enjoying particularly the polo tournament in which two teams from the school participated. The northern circuit championship took place and the school entertained the visiting teams from Salinas, San Jose and Santa Cruz. The tournament took place on the polo field at Del Monte. The final game was won by Pogonip from Santa Cruz. The games were all very close and exciting.

Mr. E. McBiddle of San Miguel, Mr. Harold Lane of Gilroy and Dr. Anderson and Mr. Rufus of San Jose were luncheon guests of the Douglas School on Sunday before the men's game at Del Monte. The school also entertained members of the various women's teams which played in the tournament on Sunday.

Eldridge Has Many Ranch Club Plans

We said something about this man, David Eldridge, new manager of the Mission Ranch Club, as being good looking. There appear to be several other things about him worthy of note. One of them is that he is energetic, ambitious and, we might add, optimistic. He no sooner gets into his job than he makes the job hum with activity, activity which he hopes to communicate to the entire club.

He announces that with the start of the winter season, things will also start to happen at the club. First off, he proposes a Keeno Party for next Monday evening. The party will be in the clubhouse with turkeys, chickens, ducks and various other things, fowl and otherwise, as prizes. And, he adds, if you want to eat, coffee, pumpkin pie and sandwiches will be served by Mrs. Edith Larson, who now runs the cuisine at the club.

Bridge tournaments are being organized for Monday and Thursday nights. Members of the club may get hands by paying 25 cents and non-members by adding a dime to that and making it 35 cents. Monday nights will be devoted to a "Duplicate Tournament" with the match point score kept and prizes for the winners at the end of every six weeks.

Thursday nights will be for progressive rubber tournaments with prizes to winners, and at the conclusion of the games a light supper will be served at no extra cost. Members are asked to come and bring their friends and there will be no guest charge for any of these activities.

An archery range is being installed at the club on demand of members.

Badminton and tennis courts continue to draw their devotees and to add to the interest a badminton tournament has been arranged. Jimmie Seaver, intercollegiate West Coast champion last year, will play off the club winner.

Eldridge also wishes members to know that if they desire to give parties at the club he will make all arrangements if notified by telephone in advance.

+++

Perhaps the very thing you want is contained in The Cymbal classified ads this week.

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Because of the tremendous advance reservations on this festive night, Del Monte will use not only its main dining room but also the Bali Room... with two orchestras. Dinner and dancing \$2.50, plus tax. In order to avoid disappointment, table reservations should be made at once!

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HOTEL DEL MONTE

COME AND GET IT!

A Column About
Eating and Eaters

There's a cafeteria in New York now, they say, where everything on the table goes sliding past you on a moving belt as you sit at your table. You grab whatever appeals to you and when you get through the cashier tells you what you owe. How? By the number of plates you have on your tray and the colors of them! Grand training in making up your mind quickly, that place!

Two of my particular weaknesses are books and chocolate, so what more delightful and fitting than that Patio Candies should move in next door to the Library! Each chocolate sits proudly in its row behind the gleaming glass of the counter, little squads of butter cream centers, little groups of chewy coconut centers—too many kinds to enumerate, though I should love to linger over them. Such satisfyingly thick coatings of such satisfyingly dark chocolate! For those odd people who actually like the milk chocolate dips, they are there also but I don't even remember what they looked like. Give me black chocolate every time—or any time! How about some for Thanksgiving?

It's still something of a mystery to me why the prices of standard articles of food should vary so in one town. I can understand why certain things should cost more "west of the Rockies," after having watched a huge two-locomotive train puffing painfully up over the divide in Utah (or was it Wyoming?); and possibly why oranges and avocados should be less expensive down where they grow than up here. But—well, take, for instance, a can of Namco Crab Meat, such as I purchase for salad occasionally. In one Ocean Avenue grocery I paid 28 cents; in another, 33 cents, for the same size. Five cents more! Why all that difference? Both are independent merchants, not connected with any chain store company. Both are situated at equally advantageous points on our main stem. How their rents compare I don't know and it's none of my business, much less my business to help pay for any difference there might be. When it comes to pleasant places to trade here it is hard to choose! All the food stores appear to be owned or clerked by almost equally obliging, equally charming, equally worthy gentlemen. So that if one must choose, a nickel may quite reasonably be the deciding factor!

There are, of course, plenty of men who earn their living as cooks; and the ones they call "Maitre" and "Chef" earn impressively good livings, as you all know. But when it comes to writing articles about food for the popular women's magazines it is seldom indeed you see the signature of a man.

I know one man, however, who has made a success of it. He was a copy writer in the N. W. Ayer and Son advertising agency just before I left it to take a look at the great open spaces out here. His name is Byron Macfadyen and he was smart enough to cash in on his natural interest in cooking and he's written some doggone clever articles for *Good Housekeeping* about meals that men like and how to prepare them. He cuts out all the frills and describes good hearty dishes, but there's nothing ordinary or camp-style about the sound of them. For example, in an article on the desirability of what he calls a

one-dish meal, he suggests among others, the following simple menus: Broiled chicken, fresh asparagus, cheese and coffee; Lobster Mexican, brown rice, coffee; broiled ham with fried bananas, lettuce and tomatoes, coffee; broiled porterhouse steak and paprika butter, sliced cucumbers, coffee. Perhaps there isn't an overwhelming amount of appetite appeal to these menus just as they stand, but—you should read Mr. Macfadyen's directions for preparing them! There's where the art of the good copy-writer comes in. Believe me, Mr. Macfadyen, no culinary literature written by a mere woman ever made my mouth water any more effectively than your delectable articles do!

—CONSTANT EATER

SUNSET SCHOOL NEWS

At a special meeting of the board of trustees of the Sunset School district yesterday afternoon it was voted that the board and the Sunset Parent-Teacher Association become cooperating sponsors to a Carmel Recreation Project. The project as it is now written provides for three play supervisors although only one, to assist in the playground direction for boys of intermediate and high school age, will be active at this time. As sponsors, the school and P.T.A. are required to furnish the playground area (school yard) and equipment (which it has) and everything else is furnished by the project. The assistant will work under the direction of Otto Bardarson, principal of Sunset.

Instead of the usual Nativity Play, the pupils of Sunset School will present a Christmas Cantata this year. The date of the presentation will be December 16. Next year the school plans to give a very elaborate program.

One week of holidays for the pupils of Sunset School next week, four days to fast up to Thanksgiving, one day to eat and three days to recover afterward. The teachers will wear themselves down in the approved manner by attending Teachers' Institute at San Luis Obispo the first part of the week.

Hélène Vye was in Los Angeles last week to view the new spring stock of some of the New York dress houses which were showing at the Biltmore. Buyers from all over the west, bundled in their warmest, had to close their ears to the cold winds and their eyes to the changing autumn colors and concentrate on the apparel for spring and warmer weather. Hélène did herself and the shop proud and is back now selling all the warm things she bought when it was so hot you didn't want to touch a knit. Such a life.

*Aren't you tired
of the same
old things?*

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Hair-Raising Due At "49ers"

Now, when you get a program that reads like the one following, what can you do but just prepare for an evening of laughs and high hilarity. The author of "The 49ers," the Wild West play which will open at the First Theater next Wednesday night, put it something like this:

Act 1. June 5, 1853. Sunlight Canyon—dawn. *The living and the dead.*

Act 2. June 5, 1853. The cabin on the Peaks—night. *The broken home.*

Act 3. August 10, 1856. The parlors of Leroy—evening. *Deserted.*

Act 4. December 24, 1856. Dead Man's Gulch in the heart of the Sierras—midnight. *The murder in the snow.*

Act 5. June 5, 1857. The Silver Sand Ravine—Sunset. *Light at Last.*

And giving their all for the dear old theayter are Dan James, who plays *Richard Delmayne*, the man of six feet and many faces; Ross Miller as *Joe Winston*, honest as the day is long and in love with *Kate Delmayne*, played by *Thelma*. Kate is a gal as has been wronged but will be righted, never fear. (See Act 5.) Double villainy hisses through the play in the persons of *Gaspard Leroy* and his half-brother, *Craven Leroy*, played by *Harry Hedger* and *Lloyd Weer*. And are they rats! *Margaret Gath*, the sunshine girl, is played by *Flavia Flavin*, daughter of the playwright and an actress with two years' experience in New York at the New York Academy Laboratory Theater and at the old Empire, and eight months at the Pasadena Community Playhouse under *Gilmore Brown*. *Molly Maglone* is played by that old favorite with First Theater-goers, *Betty Bryant*, and *Billy Shepard* is *Parson Gath*, *Meg's* father. The 49ers, *Matt*, *Cliff*, *Peters* and *Big Lib*, are played by *Mark Sharer*, *Spud Grey*, *Sam Colburn* and *Harold Gates*, and *Jessie Leroy*, a spoiled child, is played by little *Cornelia Bell*.

The *Olio*, mastered by *Spud Grey*, includes many of the old favorites and some new additions such as *Dan James' "Haywire Orchestra"* and an original by *Harry Hedger* called "The Great American Mooch."

The performances are slated for the nights of Wednesday, Friday, Saturday and Sunday, November 24, 26, 27 and 28. None Thanksgiving night.

LA COLLECTA CLUB PREPARES TO ELECT NEW OFFICERS

La Collecta Club met this week at the home of Mrs. William Chappell. The program included two piano selections by Mrs. Clara Beller and a book review by Flora Gifford. Mrs. Homer S. Bodley appointed a nominating committee to choose officers for the coming year. The next meeting will be at the home of Mrs. Bodley on December 1.

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White Caps On Radio Waves

We have a rather nice story with which to start our *White Caps* column again. Mrs. Carl Cherry, who is our musical radio guide and godparent to this column, was much upset to find that when the fall program re-arranging had taken place, the Pacific Coast was to get only a quarter hour of the full hour of fine music from the Cincinnati Conservatory which comes on the air Saturday morning.

After thinking the matter over and talking to several friends Mrs. Cherry wrote to station KSFO in San Francisco and asked if we could have a full hour. She stressed the fact that Carmel people were so fond of music and felt the program to be of real cultural advantage. No answer came for several weeks and then early this week came a letter from the program director saying that hereafter the Pacific Coast would hear the program from 8 to 9 o'clock every Saturday morning. We pass it on to you and wish you happy musical dialings.

KGO—Today from 1 to 1:30. Commonwealth Club. A lecture program of high standard by authoritative speakers.

KSFO—Tomorrow morning from 8 to 9 o'clock. Cincinnati Conservatory of Music.

KPO—Tomorrow evening from 7 to 8 o'clock. Symphony.

KGO—Sunday morning from 9:30 to 10:30. Radio City Music Hall. Sibelius series.

KSFO—Sunday at noon. New York Philharmonic. John Barbirolli, conducting.

KHUB—Sunday afternoon at 2:30. Symphony. (This is the Watsonville station in case you don't recognize the letters.)

KGO—Sunday afternoon from 5 to 6 o'clock. Concert Company Hour.

KSFO—Sunday afternoon from 5 to 6 o'clock. Columbia Workshop. Excellent dramatic program.

KSFO—Sunday afternoon from 6

to 7 o'clock. Sunday Evening Hour.

KGO—Monday evening from 6 to 7 o'clock. Philadelphia Orchestra.

+ + +

MISSIONARY SOCIETY WILL MEET NEXT TUESDAY

The Missionary Society will meet at the Carmel Community Church Tuesday afternoon, November 23, at 2:30 to continue its study of America's Rural Life and Needs. The group will particularly discuss the rural regions of Kentucky and Tennessee and a number of old quilts from this section of the country will be shown. A talent table on which all manner of fancy work and foods will be placed for sale, has been organized for the benefit of needy children. The money taken in will go to the Save-the-Children League, a New York organization, which covers the field in a very comprehensive manner and can feed a child on a dollar a week.

+ + +

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HAULING AND MOVING AT REASONABLE RATES

Griffin Says Quite A Mouthful To Business Group

Don't change the name of the Carmel-San Simeon Highway. Decorate three pine trees on Ocean avenue for the Christmas holidays.

Encourage the organization of a dramatic organization to produce amateur plays in Carmel.

These were three important steps taken by the Carmel Business Association members, 25 in number, at their meeting last Friday night in Pine Inn. They instructed their secretary to advise the city council of their desire in the first matter, appropriated \$50 and will ask the city council for another \$50 in the second, and voted to pay the first month's salary of a play director in the third.

But probably the most important thing they did last Friday night was to hear Allen Griffin, publisher of the Peninsula Herald, tell them that Carmel should have a fence around it and toll gates, should never have permitted the sale of liquor within its boundaries, and might help to keep its highways and vacant lots cleaner by backing up his campaign for compulsory garbage collection throughout the Peninsula.

Griffin wasn't fooling about the toll-gate thing, either. He frankly gave the business people to understand that they would make a mistake in not advertising Carmel for the sort of thing by which it originally gained its reputation and, incidentally, its best residents. In other words, he frankly said, that the charm and beauty of Carmel were not something that anybody in the world had a right to see; that they were something to be shown only to those who had the capacity for appreciating them. In other words, that Carmel should in actuality be as high-bat about itself as it was falsely supposed to be by many American citizens who had never been here; by those, for instance, who believed all the remunerative publicity stuff Herb Cerwin sends out intermittently when he cleans his desk and finds scribbled notes on backs of blotters and forgotten envelopes.

Griffin didn't say that dollars would roll into the coffers of the business houses of Carmel if it would take his advice, but he was talking to the Carmel Business Association and it was understood he was to talk about something that would interest Carmel business people.

He was listened to with smiles at first, when they thought he was fooling, and with open mouths when he made them believe he was serious. It is pretty certain, however, that no action will be taken about the toll gates. But Griffin's speech was good, exceptionally good. Carmel business men and women, at least, are now pretty convinced that when he has something on his mind he doesn't hesitate to say it.

+

Anna Elizabeth Greenwell of Santa Barbara became Mrs. F. Culver Parker at a simple ceremony at the Carmel Community Church last Saturday afternoon. The Rev. Homer S. Bodley officiated at the ceremony. The couple are spending their honeymoon at one of the cottages at the Del Monte Hotel and will make their home in San Jose where Parker is in business.

Phil Nash is reported going to England for the holidays. Cheerio and a hot run pudding to you, Phil, but we let you miss our American readers.

CARMEL CAPERS

If we may be forgiven for somewhat brutally manhandling and paraphrasing a Shakespearean quotation, we have always been one who loved nothing better than to strut our stuff upon the "stage of life." Not only did we give what dramatic critics would refer to as a spirited performance, but we were prone to take unsolicited encores long after the last ripe tomato had been hurled by the last disgruntled member of the gallery audience and we were always out front taking curtain calls in a long since dark, deserted theater.

Therefore, it is with ill grace that we accept the role of passive spectator in life's theater which is forced upon us by the accident of a broken foot.

No emotion, however, is entirely unalloyed and there is a vague lavender-and-lace kind of pleasure in being permitted to watch our cherished friends stride in and out of our room in pursuit of diverse pleasures, pastimes and palliatives.

We sit back voluptuously pillowed, and our regret is not too poignant concerning our inactive role as we hear recounted tales of adventure in the outer world, adventure such as we have often had and of which we find ourselves, in retrospect, a trifle weary.

Smugness would ill become us because it is primarily our excessive greed for life and living that has resulted in our present ineffectual state. Therefore we gaze with compassion, more than envy, at the tired over-driven faces of our still active friends.

We gaze, and suddenly the philosophic mood deserts us. We think how it will be to become old, to be always a spectator, to have no lines to speak, no part to play, and feverishly we plan how best to compensate the voracious, unchastened little idiot who inhabits our outer frame for six long weeks of enforced passivity.

+

For obvious reasons we could not attend the unveiling of Bufano's statue of Sun Yat Sen in Chinatown last Friday afternoon; so Benny Bufano, Bill Saroyan and some of the other people who had participated in the ceremony dropped in to see us afterwards.

Benny sat cross-legged on the floor, in that pose long immortalized by Oriental idols, looking very benign.

There was a dreadful mob of people in our one small room and we, sitting enthroned on the bed, seemed to be in the midst of a howling storm of cross-currents and fragments of conversation.

All we could gather was that Benny was very happy about everything; Bill was at outs with the entire Soviet government because some Russian writer had stolen a plot for a story, and several of the officials of the Federal Arts Project thought it exceedingly silly of the press to persist in publishing pictures of the statue instead of just the officials.

+

A friend of ours who suffers the inconvenience and petty deceptions incidental to married life says that the trouble with the Bay Bridge is that one can never say he missed the last bridge home.

If any one of our readers is more than ordinarily bored by the egocentric aspect of this column, let him consider that we don't get around much these days and after all not much can be done with only one foot and two active brain cells.

—LIBBY LEY

Millicent Sears Declares She And Treasurer Forced Out Of Their Offices

(Continued from Page One)

Laidlaw Williams, Mrs. Alfred Wolff, W. E. Duclous.

Mrs. Sears says that these leave the conduct of the society's affairs wholly to Curtis, and she very definitely thinks that they should not be left wholly to Curtis.

Her letter follows:

"Inasmuch as my name has been publicly identified with the Monterey County Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, as Secretary, as Chairman of the Membership Committee, and on other committees, for the last year, I now wish it to be known that I no longer hold these offices. I am sending in my resignation from the Chairmanship of the Membership Committee because I can no longer conscientiously ask for donations or memberships. I deeply regret that I cannot continue my efforts to further the real interests and purposes of the Society.

"During the past year, as the records show, there has been much fine and active interest in the reorganization of the Society, and in the raising of funds to support it. But when these issues of a financial nature becloud the real purpose, when money-making takes so much time that the minutes and correspondence cannot be read by the Secretary at any meeting, when for months no Treasurer's report is given, when votes can be influenced by political manipulation, when building the structure is of so great importance that it overshadows the thing it is designed for—then it is time, in my opinion, to enter a protest. My doing this was the occasion for the appointment of someone else as Secretary in my place.

"I am hoping that in the end the real purposes of the Society, as written in the Charter, may become the matter of vital interest to the Directors; and when that time comes, no one will be more ready than I to give it support. These purposes, I may quote from the Charter:

"1. To avail ourselves of the provisions and benefits of an act entitled, 'An Act for the more effectual Prevention of Cruelty to Animals';

"2. To provide ways and means to secure the enforcement of said acts, and other laws of the State on the subject of Cruelty to Animals;

"3. To labor in the education of a public sentiment of humanity and gentleness toward domestic and other animals.

"It appears to me that the 'ways and means' of obtaining money have obscured all other interests of the Society. Perhaps it is not inappropriate to pun with the expression that verily does 'the tail wag the dog' in the business of the Society.

"I am told that after we get money, we can do more for the dogs. I believe that it should be

while we are raising money. I believe that overhead should bear some relation to the number of animals placed in kind homes, or humanely and quickly destroyed.

"I am told that I am a sentimentalist in the work. I am grateful for this recognition. Where would the Society stand, if the originators had not had a sentimental interest in the purposes of protection of the creatures who cannot speak for themselves, but who, although dumb, are governed by the fine qualities of faithfulness and courage, and loyalty?

"(Signed) MILLICENT SEARS"

Personalities & Personals

Mrs. Howard V. Walters and her daughter, Sue, will spend the winter in Chicago with Mrs. Walters' sister, Mrs. George Walton. They left Carmel last week, and expect to return in the spring.

+

Midst frantic telephone calls and telegrams, Ben Schafer suddenly left our Peninsula last Monday evening and started to work on the San Francisco Chronicle Tuesday morning. Last week we told you that Stan Delaplane is now known as "Hi Nelly" because of his latest advancement to editorship of the women's pages. Ben is under Stan so we make it "Little Nell" Schafer and wish him the best of luck.

+

Jack Williamson has taken an apartment at the Sundial Court on Monte Verde and is quite recovered from the nasty attack of ptomaine which sent him up to the hospital a week ago.

+

Laura Dierssen will have her sister and brother-in-law, Mrs. and Mr. Karl Hoffman, and their two sons, George and Ross, as her guests this week-end, and until after Thanksgiving. The Hoffmans are coming down early in order to be at the Baldwin McGaw-Emma Knox play reading Saturday night.

+

Members of the family gathered at the Scarlett ranch in Carmel Valley on Sunday to celebrate the 72nd birthday of S. V. Scarlett, pioneer resident of this county.

+

Arthur Dale Evans, resident of

Carmel for the past four years, died in his home here last Saturday after a lingering illness. Evans leaves a wife, Emma, and a son and daughter, Arthur and Doris, all of Carmel.

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Bookbinders In The Making in Adult Class

Though the current world of ingenious contradictions may be an unfailing source diversion to most of us there is a certain number of children who have not yet "caught on"—especially among the shut-in residents of such repair shops as the Children's Hospital (God bless their hard-working hides).

So—

A nucleus of about 20 amateur bookbinders have laid plans to make up a whole "slew" of gay picture scrapbooks to keep green the memory of good old St. Nicholas. And they're fundamental about it; they will build them up right from the flat printer's sheets. And incidentally they'll learn a lot about how it is done in the process. Right handy knowledge, that. The thing to do now is to ride herd on all the cheerful, gaudy, or beautiful pictures you and your friends can round up. If nobody is around you could even go through your library; you'll be surprised how long it will be before castigation falls upon you.

The first general scrapbook rodeo will be held on December 2 at the Monterey Union High School sewing room W32, 7:15 to 9:15. Pictures will be trimmed, sorted and assembled and books made up. On Thursday, December 9, pasting, pressing, sewing. Bring just the pictures and shears. And if you have your shirts laundered, save the cardboards. Everything else will be there. And free, thanks to L. E. Wormley and others. Coordinator will be the regular effendi of the Bookbinding Course, R. L. Bruckman, who has done things like this before.

You'll meet your friends there, better turn out.

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DON BLANDING BACK AND OPENS HIS NEW HOME

Don Blanding came back to town Wednesday night. He opened up his new home on Professors' Row, Camino Real, near Ocean. He brought with him Mr. and Mrs. Alfred Ball to help him warm it. Mrs. Ball is Armine von Tempksi, who wrote "Hula" and other very fine stories of Hawaii. The Balls are remaining as Blanding's guests for a few days.

Don came back from Hollywood quite excited about the promise of his filmed book, "Stowaways in Paradise." The film people may change the name to "Hawaii's Call," or something of the sort, but it will remain Don's book. He insists that he is still able to recognize it as his.

He says that Sol Lesser, who is producing the film, to be released through RKO, expects to get it into the theaters before this Christmas season is well along. Don is well pleased with the settings. A Hawaiian beach scene, they produced in Hollywood, even fooling him, he insists. In the play will be Irvin Cobb, Bobby Breen, Ned Sparks, Mamo Clark and Lena Machado.

Virginia Writes "Dear Win" Fine Note About Winifred Howe Concert

Dear Win:

There were a lot of things I would like to have said to you last Saturday night after your concert but I couldn't think of the phraseology and words piled on words don't mean very much. You gave all of us a beautiful concert the other night. First, before I tell you how much of a musician I think you are, let me thank you for your program arrangement. "Something old and something new, something soft and sweet and something hard and fast and almost barbarically brittle; something sad and something rollickingly gay. For one who likes a forest made up of different kinds of trees, this program itself was a joy.

Now as to your playing of the different numbers. I am not a musician so I can't pretend to know or understand all about it. But I have listened enough to know that you played with great skill. Because you (and all the rest of us) were so at ease with the actual notes of the compositions, you played with feeling and expression that took

your audience along with you at every step. In the middle of your first number, the Bach Capriccio on the Departure of a Beloved Friend, I felt that I had been listening to music for a whole evening. You know how sometimes you have to wait until the middle of the program for that lovely relaxed feeling.

Then the Beethoven Rage Over a Lost Penny had me giggling, very much to myself, because along with the knowledge of your fine touch was the feeling that there was Beethoven's ghost stamping around the stage of the Green Room and then finally going over into the corner and laughing at his own rage.

I liked your "moderns" so much that I wish you would play some "modern moderns." Please do. After last Saturday's concert you can make "them" like it and take it. The Ravel numbers, the Menuet and Rigaudon and the Waltz you played as an encore, and the De Falla Fire Dance you handled with zip and intelligence. I can't quite understand why the Sostenuto movement of the Schumann Fantasia woke me up out of a sort of dream-like consciousness but it did. If I were familiar with the score perhaps I would know. Your final encore, Bach's Jesu, Joy of Man's Desiring, is always a favorite of mine and you did it beautifully. Thanks a lot, Win.

—VIRGINIA SCARDIGLI

Red Cross Roll Going Strong

The annual Red Cross Roll Call is well under way this week and to date more than \$2,000 has been subscribed with every indication that the Carmel district budget for 1938 will be reached by Thanksgiving.

Reports from the field are being received at headquarters in Carmel Garage and the workers are reporting marked success in every district. Every effort is being made to obtain the quota of 800 members for the district.

Miss Florence Curtin, chairman of the district organization, reports that the solicitors are being received graciously by our citizens as they make their residential canvass. She pointed out that aside from the regular campaign, it is necessary to raise the budget for the local chapter, in order that the work of furnishing aid to those in need should continue without any interruption. More than \$500 is spent by the chapter each year for milk for undernourished children and the clothing department also meets a great need through furnishing warm clothes, shoes and underwear.

E. H. Ewig, chairman of the business district division, reports a good response from Carmel merchants and hopes to duplicate last year's returns. Many stores are already displaying the "100% Red Cross" insignia.

A great deal of interest centered around the Red Cross ambulance during the week as it was on display at the fountain on Ocean avenue. This vehicle is being utilized for emergency service in the district and is manned by a volunteer squad from the fire department, possessing first-aid certificates.

+ + +

Winifred Howe's sister, Mrs. Philip Jones, and her daughter, Barbara Ann, and Barbara's friend, Helen McLannan, of Redondo Beach, were in Carmel over the week-end. The three stayed at the home of Mrs. Jones' mother, Mrs. Katherine MacF. Howe on Casanova and Eighth. Purpose of the trip was to attend the concert last Saturday night as well as visit with friends here. Barbara Ann is very much interested in sculpture and clay modelling and will take the high school course in pottery next semester. She plans to go into the art department when she goes to college. And perhaps some day she will exhibit in Carmel—who can tell.

SUNDAY SCHOOL MOTHERS HAVE ALL SAINTS TEA

Monday afternoon the Parish House of All Saints Church was the scene of a tea given for the mothers of the members of the Church School. The Rector and Mrs. Carel J. Hulswé and members of the Church School staff received the guests and Mrs. Whitney Palache poured. Tables were decorated with red berries and "mums."

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Jobless Query From F. D. R. Hits Carmel

Everybody in Carmel and all his sisters and brothers received a personal note from President Roosevelt on Tuesday of this week. It asked him and them to tell the President how many members of the household are completely out of work, partly out of work, want to work, or don't want to. The President's note puts the thing on a non-political basis, if you ignore majorities in both houses of the American parliament. It says: "The Congress directed me to take this census."

Herbert John Morse was studying the thing out in front of the post office Tuesday afternoon. He doesn't think he'll answer it, even if the President does want him to. He doesn't like some of the questions. For instance: "How many hours did you work last week?" Herbert John wants to know if he would have to list under this the number of hours he worked trying to get Mrs. Morse not to work so hard for the music society and the Red Cross. Also the question: "What was your individual total income, cash and other, last week? (Do not include payments from WPA, NYA, CCC)" Herbert John wants to know about PG&E. Is he to include that? And why should the President and Congress want to know? He gave it up and presented us with the blank. We've got four of 'em now.

"Peer Gynt" Next McGaw-Knox Reading

Peer Gynt will be the week-end dramatic attraction on the Peninsula. Baldwin McGaw and Emma Knox will present a reading of the Ibsen play Saturday night, November 20, at the Filmarte at 8:30 o'clock. Second in the series of six plays which this talented couple will present, Peer Gynt is a story of otherworldliness which has been translated into many tongues and has been interpreted in musical language as well. The Peer Gynt music will be played at the local presentation.

The sets, which are mostly out-of-doors, are being constructed by George Seideneck. Tickets will be on sale at the box office. The singles are \$1.10 and the set of six (which may be used all at once if you wish) is \$5.

The next play which the McGaws will read will be the current New York stage show, "George and Margaret," and the following one a current London attraction.

Boy Scout News

Armistice Day a few members of Boy Scout Troop 39 went to visit the sugar mill at Spreckels. A guide showed us all around the place and it was all very interesting. After visiting the mill we returned to Monterey where we visited the U. S. S. *Oklahoma*. Some of us went to the football game at the Monterey High School stadium between the Salinas Cowboys and the Monterey Toreadors. Mr. Ballou, our assistant scoutmaster, took us in his car. Accompanying him were Hugh Evans, Kenneth and Orville Jones, John Todd, Fred Noller, Richard McKnight and myself.

On Friday Mr. Ballou motored a few members of the troop to near Jack's Peak for tests. The Court of Honor is going to be held very soon so we took the test to take part in it. The following scouts made the trip: Kenneth Jones, Bob Martin, Vincent Torres, Mr. Ballou, our assistant scoutmaster, and myself. —GORDON MIYAMOTO

Our Post Office Bad Enough, But Not As Bad as Some Moron Would Have The Cymbal Believe

(Continued from Page One)

into the first P. O. box he or she found unlocked. It happened to be that of Mrs. Larson.

Now, our advice is that the next time this is tried, our friend had better be finding some first-class mail thrown into the refuse barrel. That would be something. But Some Real Evidence

But this doesn't let Mrs. Larson out as far as the post office is concerned. Oh, dear, no! She tells us this one. It's about when she was staying with a family up in Hatton Fields. The family was away. She was awaiting word from them as to their return. Word didn't come—not by mail—but by telephone from Santa Barbara Mrs. Larson was notified that the family would be home that night.

On their arrival they asked if their letter had reached Mrs. Larson. No, it hadn't. Why, it was a "special delivery, airmail" letter, mailed at Okmulgee, Oklahoma, on January 6! No, it hadn't arrived. It was just lost, or something. It was forgotten; forgotten, that is, until February 24 when, of all things, it was found reposing in Mrs. Larson's P. O. Box No. 84 in Carmel's post office.

But let's get closer down to date to show how this thing spreads over the months.

This is Helen Ware Burt's turn to talk and does she take advantage of it! Listen:

Three weeks ago she was presented with a letter that had been in the Carmel post office for a week or more. It was addressed "H. W. Burt, Box L.L., Carmel." The "H. W. Burt" was not exactly right. That is, Mrs. Burt hadn't given the post office that combination of initials and word, but the "Box L.L." stood out like the proverbial light-house. The envelope when Mrs. Burt received it was stamped all over with "General Delivery" rubber stamps and with "Not in Directory" the same.

Mrs. Burt made the pertinent query at the window: "If the clerk, or clerks, looked far and hard enough to determine that such a name was 'Not in Directory' why didn't he or she look far and hard enough to read 'Box L.L.' That would have accomplished something.

And on goes Mrs. Burt: Two weeks ago she found a "Call at Window for Parcel" card in her box. She presented it.

"Sorry," she was told. "Must be a mistake. No parcel here." Back It Comes Again

She accepted this and went her way. The next day the same card, or one in its likeness and image was in her box. She went to the window with it again.

"Sorry," she was told again. "Must be a mistake. No parcel here."

This rather upset Mrs. Burt, and well it might. Suddenly it occurred to her that a friend in Fresno had written that she was sending Mr. Burt some books.

"Look for a package of books," Mrs. Burt suggested, willing to help the post office as much as she could.

They did—and they found the package. Where? They didn't tell her. But it was quite carefully and plainly addressed "Frederick Burt, Box L.L., Carmel, Calif."

Now, she brings the matter up to date—up to Tuesday of this week, to be exact.

She showed us this package. It was a "C.O.D." package from New York, and was so plainly addressed "Mrs. Frederick Burt, Box L.L., Carmel, Calif." that it would knock

your eye out.

Also it was postmarked "New York, Nov. 2" and "Carmel, Nov. 9."

She got it this Tuesday, which was Nov. 16. It had only been in the Carmel post office 7 days and NO CARD for it had ever been placed in Mrs. Burt's box.

The only way she got it was by demanding it. She demanded it because she received a letter, addressed exactly as the package was later found to be addressed, from the New York firm informing her that it had been sent almost two weeks previous to the writing of the letter.

Yes, Mrs. Burt has signed the petition asking the First Assistant Postmaster General at Washington to investigate the Carmel post office and find out what's the matter with it.

If you telephone to us we'll let you sign the petition, too, or you can drop into our Ocean Avenue office (Carmel Investment Company) right near the post office, and sign it there.

"The Coast" Is Announced As New Magazine

Members of what, in this case, should be called the Peninsula's "elect" have received notices from San Francisco that they are privileged to subscribe for the new magazine *The Coast*, due to appear about the first week of December.

The subscription announcement, or invitation, calls *The Coast* a "new 'class' magazine for California... fashioned to the tastes and interests of a selected reader group," and to bear out this assertion, the invitation goes on to say "The Coast is not sending this invitation to everybody. The 25,000 names card-indexed here in our office were painstakingly chosen." And this we can substantiate—we didn't get one.

Coast happenings in the theatre, movies, music, art, ballet, sport, travel, shops, etc., are promised in the new magazine which, if you are interested, and want to be one of the elect, will be sent to you for \$2.50 for December and the whole of 1938 if you will write to 130 Bush street, San Francisco.

Serkin To Play Here Dec. 4

On the evening of Saturday, December 4, Rudolph Serkin, young Bohemian pianist, will open the eleventh annual winter series of concerts sponsored by the Carmel Music Society.

Serkin received his early musical training in Vienna, where he made his debut at the age of twelve as guest artist of the Vienna Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra. In spite of the many offers he received from enthusiastic managers at that time, his parents wisely refrained from exploiting the boy until he had reached maturity.

When he finally did inaugurate his career he quickly became recognized as an important artist through all of Europe, and his more recent debut in the United States won him instant acclaim in this country.

Serkin makes his first Pacific Coast tour this season, but he comes to a public already aware of his greatness. Hundreds who listened in at the broadcast of his debut with the New York Philharmonic Symphony under Toscanini three years ago, and who are acquainted with his recordings are eagerly anticipating his appearance.

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FOR RENT—3-room apartment and small cottage. Phone 1215-W. (tf)

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FOR RENT—Sunny room in private home. Separate entrance. Garage if wanted. Near town. Phone 354-W. (20)

Miscellaneous FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Used grand piano in very good condition. Price, \$250. Post office box 1856.

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EXPERIENCED CHAUFFEUR, courteous, well-informed, wants a regular job on the Peninsula, or is available for special trips or tours. Address Box L-17, Cymbal Office, Carmel, or telephone Carmel 15. (tf)

MASSAGE

SWEDISH MASSEUR, Graduate of the Gothenburg Gymnastical Institute, gives home treatments. For appointment phone Carmel 563-W.

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The Peninsula Gardeners' Association is having an open meeting this evening at 8 o'clock in Sunset Auditorium. The Ferry-Morse Seed company has sent a movie outfit with motion pictures of the new

plant introductions which the company has made at their trial grounds. A lecturer will talk on the new plants and all garden enthusiasts are invited to attend. There is no admission charge.

In and Out... of CARMEL SHOPS

A POKEY PERSON PEEKS AT PICTURES—and she saw some lovely things that Sibyl Anikev has been doing. There were those studies of Edward Weston at work with his camera poised on some rocks at Pacific Grove; a wonderful portrait of Robinson Jeffers and an unusual view of Tor House, and a portrait of an old tramp that I liked immensely. Even two pumpkins growing in a field had their pictures taken. As I wandered about the studio I noticed a painting by Henrietta Shore and an etching of a sea gull by this same fine artist.

THERE'S A MAN IN TOWN—who says that he thought the best ice cream soda he ever tasted was at a drug store in San Antonio but he's found one just as good at McDonald's Dairy. He tells me the way to be sure it is just absolutely perfection is to give the password, "three dipper." That means three scoops of ice cream in a frosted glass and then you do the rest. In other words, the gentleman remarks, "McDonald's have the best soda west of the Pecos River." Now I ask you—

A WORD TO THE WIVES IS SUFFICIENT—If they want their husbands, brothers or even their grandfathers to do them proud, they will tell them to take a trip over that luscious new red carpet at Imelman's, up the steps where there really is a tailor and a good one, who turns out those good-looking smart custom-made suits, and don't let anyone fool you, you can't find the real thing anywhere else hereabouts.

I HAVE A CURIOUS NATURE—and it took me to Mrs. Wick Parsons' Antique Shop on Lincoln street. I was curious to know if there were any small pieces one could afford to buy for Christmas gifts if one's pocketbook were a bit lean. There were. There were some rare and beautiful things for the fatter purse, too, such as a pair of gold leaf mirrors with sconces, and some mercury glass candlesticks, and others of silver and all of them very reasonably-priced. Something should be done about a shop containing so many fascinating things that caused me to linger longer—too long and be late for tea.

IT'S NOT ALWAYS MY ARTISTIC SOUL—that seeks satisfaction. Sometimes it is my appreciative tummy. I made it glad with some of those super, super caramels from the Patio Candy Shop. How the memory lingers. There was a new variety called the Monterey Caramel, concocted of purest maple sugar and whipping cream (no water, if you please), nuts and butter. Oh-O-O!

HEY, YOU STAMP COLLECTORS—You'll find some rare and even beautiful stamps at the Carmel Art and Gift Shop now. They're all fixed up in cellophane envelopes and they make splendid gifts for the young chap in your family who has a stamp collection. I noticed some nifty ones from some place or other for as low as 15 cents.

EUREKA—AND HERE IT IS—the perfect slip cover material at Macbeth's. They are pre-shrunk and guaranteed washable and come in heavenly colors. Some of them look like silk. They range from 36 to 50 inches in width and the prices range, too. However, they don't range too far for the average income—\$1.50 to \$3.00 a yard. Oh, yes, some of these materials are cotton and some mercerized.

TRUST HELENE VYE—to have something original. This time she lives up to her reputation with a promise to show us THE DRESS OF THE MONTH as advertised in *Vogue*. I guess the big cities have nothing on us, when we can buy an exclusive model in our little Carmel. If I had one I'd want to wear a sign telling everybody. Wouldn't you?

THINGS ARE BEGINNING TO HUM—at the Mission Ranch Club. Beginning Nov. 29 and every Monday there will be duplicate bridge tournaments with matched point scores; and on Thursdays they are holding rubber tournaments. Members may bring their friends and others interested may call the new manager, Mr. Eldridge, Carmel 103. Next Monday, the 22nd, he's having a Keeno party with turkeys, geese and chickens as prizes. Everybody invited. At the conclusion of the games, a light supper will be served at no extra cost.

—M. R. S.

NO INTERNAL STRIFE, REALLY, IN HERON'S "MERCHANT OF VENICE" READING

Herbert "Shakespeare" Heron is weighing the quality of justice to see if he can't possibly take the part of Portia (the gem of the Bard) in the "Merchant of Venice" being read by the Carmel Shakespeare Company which meets each Tuesday night at 8 at La Ribera Hotel. But "the world is still deceived with ornament" and Heron's pound of flesh would hardly stand the onslaught of the 2 to 1 female population who wants its chance of lording it over three fine boxes. Heron will probably read *Shylock*, but the public is invited to the battle so go see for yourself.

+ + +

Mrs. Vera Peck Millis and her daughters, Jane and Ann, were in Carmel over the week-end, staying with Mrs. Millis' sister, Glenna Peck. The two girls are attending the Sara Dix Hamlin school in the city and Mrs. Millis is living in San Francisco for the present. Many friends greeted her at the Winifred Howe concert Saturday night to learn that Carmel still looked pretty good after they had spent the summer in England.

+

Abbie Lou and Laidlaw Williams got into Carmel Wednesday from an elegant trip around the country. Abbie sketched hither, thither and yon, and Laidlaw glimpsed and studied birds of all kinds. The newly-married couple trekked all through northeastern United States and Canada and spent a month in Boston. They are now established in Point of View which has an air of Cape Cod about it and should keep their trip fresh in their minds for some time.

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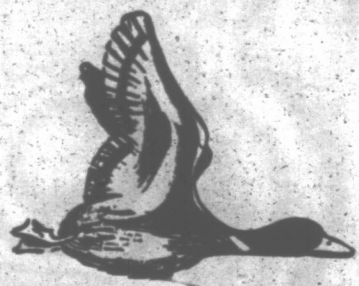
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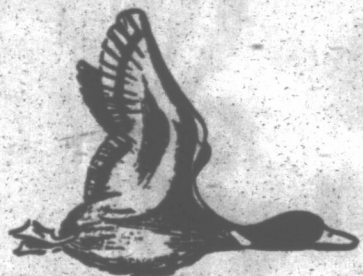
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CARMEL MUSIC SOCIETY

Story about Serkin on prev. page

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